

Title: Journal of Grimmoch

Author: Grimmoch Drummel

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Day Seven - Day Ten:

I cannot stand this place,  
I cannot bear it. I've got  
to get out. Something  
evil lurks in this ancient  
place, something best left  
alone. I hear them, yet  
none of the others do.

And yet they must.

Hands, claws, scratching  
at stone, the awful  
scratching and the piteous  
cries that sound almost  
like laughter. I can hear  
them above even the  
cracks of the workmen's  
picks, and at night they  
are all I can hear. And  
yet the others hear  
nothing. We must leave  
this place, we must.

Three workers have gone  
missing - Tavara expects  
they've abandoned us -  
and I count them lucky if  
they have. I don't care  
what the others say, we  
must leave this place. We  
must do as those before  
and pile up the stones,  
block all access to this  
primeval crypt, seal it up  
again for all eternity.